



Boys' Life

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THIS MONTH'S HIGHLIGHTS

Because the world of all our tomorrows is a fascinating subject, BL has devoted October's issue to exploring that world. Some of today's outstanding writers and thinkers are on hand to take you on this exciting trip. Trailblazer-in-space John Glenn Jr. links today to tomorrow as he examines America's role in *The New Age of Exploration*. . . . Jacques Piccard, who has probed the oceans' mysteries and depths deeper than any other man, peers far ahead to envision the marvels of *Our Future Under the Sea*. . . . Equally far-seeing is Elizabeth Sturz, who questioned many authorities before creating the people, places and machines of *1990*, a world of breath-taking speed, beauty, fun and adventure. . . . Automobiles weirdly shaped, high-powered, automatically controlled—are fully examined by Dale Shaw in *Jacques Piccard*, *The Cars of Tomorrow*.

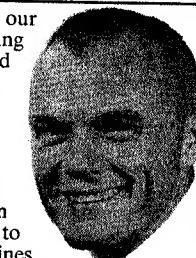
Jim Winchester joins artist Bob McCall in visualizing *Space Vehicles* so critical for the work, exploration and transporting of men and material throughout our solar system—and beyond. . . . In a meaningful essay, Pulitzer Prize novelist Pearl Buck emphasizes youth and understanding in discussing your importance in shaping the destiny of mankind. . . . Then things really become fantastic as top science-fiction author Isaac Asimov zooms along with *The Man Who Made the 21st Century*—a really way-out tale of wild and wonderful things. . . . Writer Dale Colombo also

Pearl S. Buck takes a leap ahead. In

The Amplified Boy, he puts a Scout in a spaceship crackling with dangers and daring challenges . . .

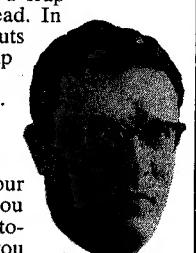
All these plus more articles and fiction and exciting program helps are guaranteed to stimulate your imaginations and keep you entertained until we get together next month. See you then!

Isaac Asimov



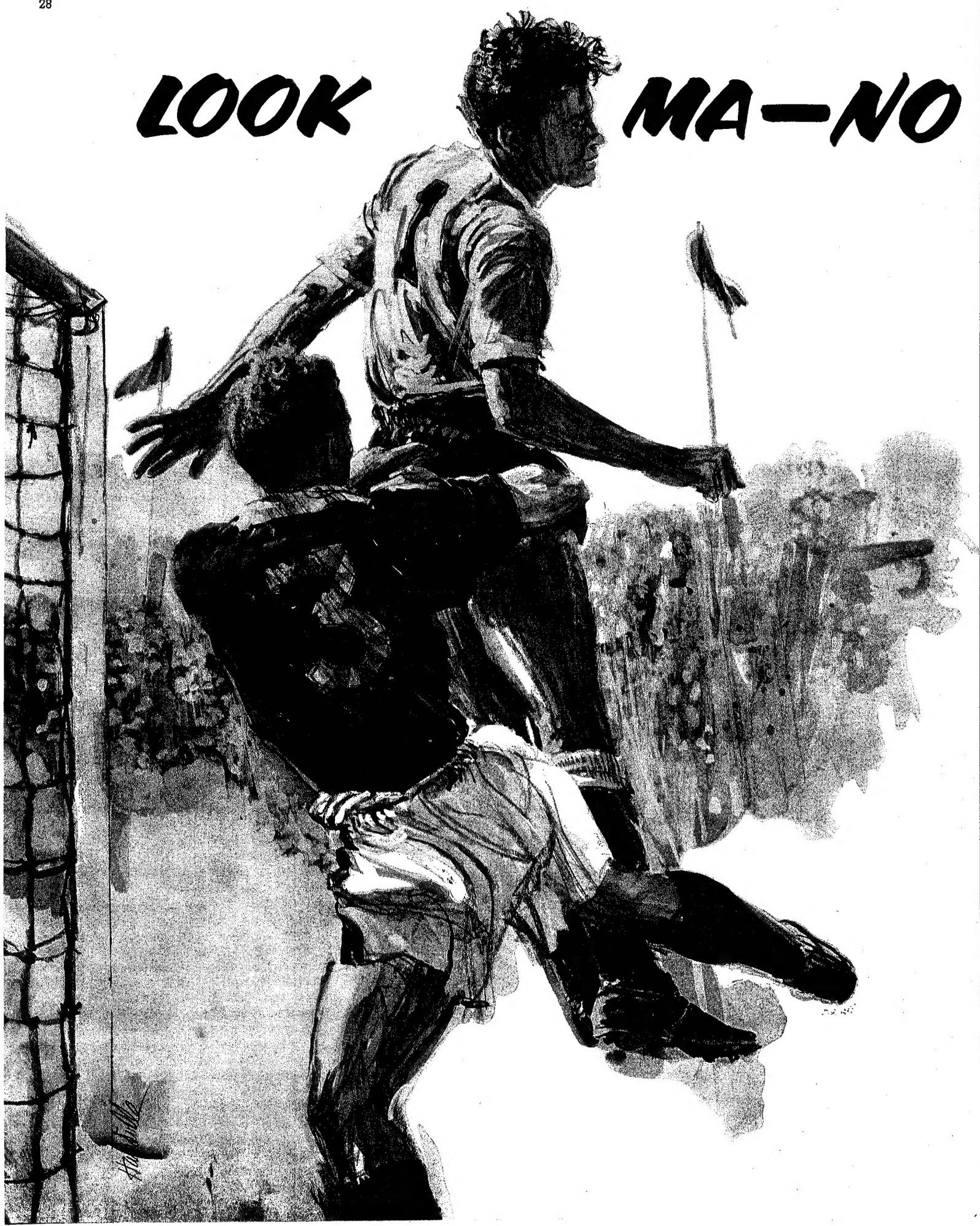
examined by Dale Shaw in *Jacques Piccard*, *The Cars of Tomorrow*.

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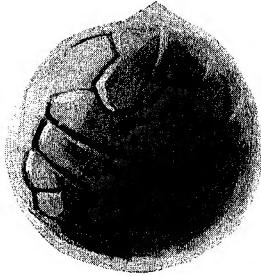


LOOK

MA-NO



HANDS



*Tommy was on foreign ground and soccer
wasn't his game. He knew if he played, his
team was a sure bet to lose—but there
was no way out! • By JACK RITCHIE*

TO TELL THE TRUTH, I felt foolish standing out in the open wearing those short pants, those *Lederhosen*.

"Smile," Heinrich said and snapped my picture. He turned the film to another frame. "This time we had the *Schloss Vaduz* in the background."

I unsmiled. "I got a hunch that if we send that picture back home nobody's going to be looking at the Castle of Vaduz. They'll be looking at my knees and giggling."

Heinrich slung the camera over his shoulder and we started walking. He was showing me the town of Vaduz, which is the capital of this country of Liechtenstein.

Unless you collect postage stamps, maybe you never heard of Liechtenstein. But it's about 62 square miles of a principality packed in the mountains between Switzerland and Austria.

I probably never would have heard of it myself except that Heinrich showed up at our high school in Wisconsin last year. It was one of those student-exchange things and Heinrich stayed a year and made a name for himself in football.

And so now, to sort of get even, here I was in Liechtenstein to spend a year with Heinrich at his *Gymnasium*, which is what they call their high schools.

I got A's in German back in the States, but I'm having a little trouble with the language here. Heinrich tells me that it's because they have their own dialect, and they've been protecting it for years. I'd have even more trouble getting around if it weren't for the fact that the kids in the *Gymnasium* have to take English, and so they know what I'm talking about most of the time.

Heinrich pointed to a three-story building. "That is the Government House."

But I wasn't paying too much attention. We had come to a field, and there were a couple of dozen kids my age chasing a small basketball all over the grass and giving it a kick now and then.

"They are playing soccer," Heinrich said. "You have never heard of soccer?"

"Oh, sure," I said. "Every Sunday in the sports section of the paper back home, on page

12 or so, there's usually a paragraph about how the Bavarian Tigers and the Serbian Lions had themselves a game in O'Malley Park. I think they're the only teams in that league. But I never actually saw a game."

"It is the most popular game in the world," Heinrich said. "Truly international."

I took that with a grain of salt. "Sure," I said, "but would it fill the Rose Bowl?"

Heinrich looked at me pityingly. "Spectators to the amount of 100,000 are quite common in soccer. Not in Liechtenstein, of course. We do not have that many people."

Right then one of the players got beaned by the ball. It didn't seem to bother him though. And the ball sailed out a dozen yards and beaned somebody else.

I shook my head. "Those boys are pretty clumsy."

Heinrich smiled. "They are not clumsy. They are 'heading' the ball. In soccer, it is permissible to use the head to stop and redirect the flight of the ball. One usually uses one's feet. But never the arms or hands. Except for the goalie, of course."

"The whole thing's unnatural," I said. "The first thing I'd think of using is my hands. Then my feet. The last thing I'd use is my head."

"In your case," Heinrich said, "that is probably true." Then he grinned to show that he was kidding. "These are the students who represent the *Gymnasium* which we attend. I myself am a member. I play center forward or at times inside left forward."

From the way those boys were milling around the field, it didn't look to me like it mattered whether you were inside or outside or left or right.

"It is expected that you will come out for the sport, no?" Heinrich asked. "After all, in the United States I played excellent football, and here you will attempt soccer in reciprocation?"

I watched the game some more. There didn't seem to be much to it. Mostly you ran to the place where the ball had just left and then looked around to see where the thing was now. "Sure," I said. "I could use a little exercise."

That evening after supper—which was *Wiener Schnitzel* again—Heinrich took me into his folk's living room and explained some things about this soccer.

First of all, it has eleven men on each side—like in football—and the field is a few yards bigger in all directions—because everybody's always running and you need room, I guess.

You start the game by tossing a coin. If you win, you decide which goal you defend and the loser gets possession of the ball.

"In the middle of the field," Heinrich said, "there is located the kickoff circle. The center forward initiates the game by kicking the ball to another teammate—usually this is one of the inside players. The ball must travel at least 27 inches before the game is officially under way."

"Why pick on 27 inches?"

"That is the circumference of the ball," Heinrich said. "An American basketball is about 29 inches in circumference and a volleyball is 26. So you see the soccer ball is somewhere in between."

Heinrich's sister Gretta finished drying the dishes in the kitchen and came into the living room to do her homework. That's another good custom they have in Europe. Like having the girls do the dishes. Personally I think it builds character.

"This is a game essentially of the feet," Heinrich said. "You may move the ball forward in a series of short kicks. This is called a dribble. Or you may kick the ball to another player. This is called passing."

Gretta began arranging her books under the student lamp. "Perhaps you can help me with my English, Tommy? A gerund is the verbal noun in *ing* in certain uses in which it performs the function of a substantive, often taking the phrase construction and at the same time shows the verbal features of tense and voice, taking adverbial qualifiers, and governing objects?"

I cleared my throat. "Yeah. I guess that's about the way it goes."

"A defending player may tackle," Heinrich said.

"Well, now," I said. "We're getting down to business." (To page 63)

Look Ma— No Hands

(Continued from page 29)

"You misunderstand me," Heinrich said. "To tackle in soccer means merely that you take the ball away from the possessor. With your feet, of course."

So, anyway, the next day after school, I found myself out on the field in shorts again, only this time they weren't made of leather.

The coach was a Mr. Vertzler, who also taught mathematics, and he introduced me to all the guys who didn't know me already.

He looked me over like he was translating feet and inches into meters or vice versa. "You have size," he said. "However, in soccer this means nothing. Have you ever played the game before?"

"No," I said. "But don't worry. Heinrich told me all about the game last night."

The coach looked at Heinrich thoughtfully, and Heinrich got a little embarrassed. Heinrich said, "Taylor is physically coordinated from American football, and I feel confident that he will soon acquire a degree of elementary skill. Perhaps."

Vertzler absorbed that and then said, "We will initiate a game to see what happens. You know what is the right fullback?"

"Sure," I said. "You just name it and I'll be there."

So he counted out two teams and we lined up for the kickoff. My starting position was right of the goalie.

Our center forward sidefooted the ball to the inside left forward and the game began.

I charged down the field to where the action was and soon got in the mix-up in front of the goal, trying to kick at the ball, like everybody else.

Mr. Vertzler blew the whistle and the game stopped.

He looked at the goal and then at me. "At this moment, Taylor, you are standing 10 meters from the enemy goal. This is approximately 11 yards."

I didn't know what he was getting at, but I nodded. "Give or take an inch, I guess."

He rubbed his jaw slowly. "Let me explain it, Taylor. In this American game of basketball, you have the cen-

ter who centers, the forwards who forward, and the guards who guard? No?"

"Well, yes."

He nodded. "And it is seldom—very seldom—that you will find your guards under the enemy basket? No?"

A light began to dawn. "I'm a defensive player?"

"Precisely. As right fullback you may advance to some extent, but never so far as to be able to shake hands with your opponent's goalie. Remain fairly close to your own goal, where you may defend when necessary."

"Oh," I said. "So all these positions mean something, more or less?"

He looked up at the sky for a few seconds. "Yes. They all mean something. More or less."

So, all right.

I went back to my end of the field, and the game started again.

It wasn't too long before the play came to my section of the field. The ball skittered toward me, and I gave it my 60-yard punt try. It would have gone that far, too, the only trouble was that I missed the ball completely. That was when I discovered that there is a trick to kicking a rolling ball, and I didn't know it yet.

Not that I didn't get a piece of the ball now and then as the game went on, but it never did go where I was aiming.

I also discovered that a 12-minute quarter—which is what they play on the *Gymnasium* level—doesn't read so long on paper, but it has a way of stretching when there are no time-outs. And in soccer you don't have any time-outs unless somebody's a stretcher case or something else unusual happens.

By the time the game was over I was pretty discouraged.

Let's face it. As far as soccer was concerned, I was low man on the totem pole and that part was underground.

After supper Heinrich got out his soccer ball, and we went to a field behind the house. He showed me the difference between an instep kick and a toe kick. Turns out that you almost always use the instep kick because it gives you better control of the ball. But sometimes goalies or the fullbacks might try the toe kick from their own goal when they think they get better distance and more height.

Gretta joined us and watched for a while. When she began showing me

how to trap the ball, I decided that I'd had enough for one day. I went back to the house and to bed.

I'd like to say that by the end of the week I'd picked up everything else I needed to know about soccer, but that wasn't so. I mean I *knew* practically everything important about the game by then, but *knowing* and being able to *do* are two different things.

After one particularly hard day, I put it to Heinrich. "How long do you think it will be before I'm ready for the team?"

He thought about it. "Since you have the natural advantages of agility and coordination, I would estimate that perhaps in a year you might be fairly good."

That wasn't encouraging. "The trouble with that is I'll be back in the States by then."

"The situation is thus," Heinrich said. "You Americans use your legs only for transportation. In Europe we play soccer from the time we learn to walk. Consequently most of the boys in the *Gymnasium* have a considerable advantage over you."

I won't say that I didn't improve in the weeks that followed. For instance, I got pretty good at the push pass with the inside of the foot—when nobody was crowding me. But I was nowhere near getting on the first team, or even the second, for that matter. Every Saturday when we'd play some other *Gymnasium*, I'd be sitting permanently on the sidelines, with the water bucket and the pretzels.

On the other hand, I wasn't doing too bad in my schoolwork. I got A's in solid geometry, biology, German, and Liechtenstein history. I got a C in English.

I don't understand that last mark. Gretta got an A, and everybody knows she has an accent.

But getting back to soccer, I guess I might have spent all my time on the bench if it hadn't been for the American ambassador and his son.

I don't mean the American ambassador to Liechtenstein, because I don't even know if they rate one. Maybe we just have a consul, and he's probably working part-time.

As a matter of fact, I don't remember what country this American ambassador was ambassador to, but the point is that he was sending his son to a *Gymnasium* in Switzerland.

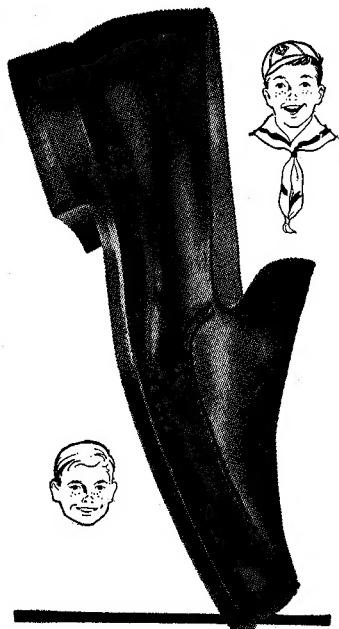
Mr. Vertzler tried to explain things to me. "This Saturday there will approach a team from Switzerland, and it is advertised that an American ambassador's son will be playing with them."

"I get it," I said. "Switzerland is trying to get a loan from the U.S., and they figure a little buttering up will help."

Mr. Vertzler shrugged. "I do not know about Switzerland. However, the members of the faculty feel that we must not be outdone. In the interests of national prestige we should retaliate with another American." He patted me on the shoulder. "Taylor, this Saturday you will play."

My eyes narrowed. "I got it now. It's Liechtenstein that's trying to get the loan from the U.S."

He shook his head. "No, Liechtenstein is not endeavoring to secure a loan." He thought about it though. "And yet, perhaps—." He let that



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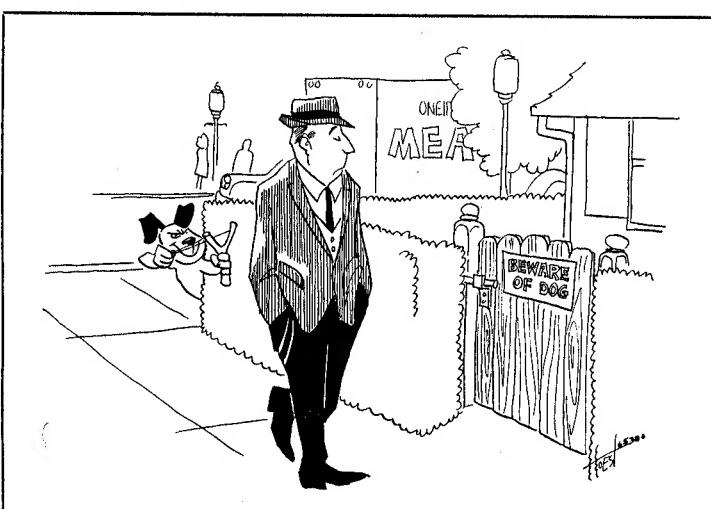
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(Continued from page 63)

go for the time being. "The point is that this Saturday you will play."

He beamed. "You will play right fullback, of course. And you will . . . ah . . . refrain from as much action as possible. No?"

"Just stay out of the way, you mean? Make no trouble?"

He nodded. "And please, *please*, do not touch the ball with your hands."

I guess it showed that I was brooding, because Mr. Vertzler said, "Do not despair for the fate of the team. I have always maintained that on any given day 10 Liechtensteiners can defeat 11 Swiss. Or in this case, 10 Swiss and the ambassador's son."

I folded my arms. "Thanks for all the big confidence in me, but I'm not going to play this Saturday and that's that. As far as I'm concerned, Liechtenstein can go behind the iron curtain if it wants a loan."

Mr. Vertzler kept at me for a half an hour before he finally sighed and gave up. I thought that was that, but then after supper the parade began coming to Heinrich's house. I mean first it was Alfred Runkel and then Hans Borchert and Josef Kramer, and before the evening was over, all the guys from the first team and just about everybody else who ever wore the uniform showed up.

The point that they all made was that maybe it wasn't such a good idea to throw an American on the team just to show you had one too, and they didn't blame me for getting mad about the whole thing.

And so they'd decided that they wanted me to play just because I was me, and I was a pretty good guy and all that kind of jazz. I thought at first that Mr. Vertzler had put them up to it, but Heinrich swore that he had nothing to do with it, and Heinrich isn't the kind who goes in for lies.

So what could I do?

On Saturday afternoon I showed up in uniform ready to play.

Mr. Vertzler and some of the school officials were in a huddle and after a while they called me over.

"We have just discovered," he said, "that on the Swiss team the American is the goalie."

I shrugged. "So?"

"So the position of goalie is perhaps the most important on the team. And further, this position makes the player conspicuous, whereas you, as right fullback, will be practically indistinguishable from a Liechtensteiner." He

glared toward the Swiss team across the field. "If they can make *their* American conspicuous, we can make *our* American conspicuous. You, Tay-lor, are now our goalie."

"Now, wait," I said.

But I might just as well have tried to talk to a bunch of trees, because the next thing I knew I was out there on the field with the goal at my back and sweating.

My teammates all took their turns congratulating me on the new job and saying how lucky they were to have me. Almost had me believing them.

Well, anyway, here was this *Gymnasium* trying to make me conspicuous and here was this team of good guys trying to win a game and knowing it was pretty hopeless but smiling just the same.

So I made up my mind. I was going to develop a sprained ankle.

I'd wait two minutes, or until the Swiss scored—and I had a hunch the score would come first—and then I'd lie down. I'd maybe moan a little and get carried off the field, and the team could go on with our regular goalie and have a chance of winning.

We won the toss, which meant that the Swiss got the ball. At the kickoff, their front line brought it down fast, using the short passing game. Their outside right forward thought he had an opening, and he gave it the boot.

I was there to get it on the short hop—like you'd pick up a grounder at shortstop—and flipped the ball back out to my right halfback, and our attack went down the field.

The Swiss intercepted past midfield and took the offensive again. Their inside right and inside left and the left and right halfbacks formed their box in front of the goal and did some passing back and forth until the right halfback made the try.

The ball came in high, and I picked it off—it almost felt like intercepting a pass in basketball. I put my toe to the ball, and it was a long one that everybody had to chase. My center forward won the race, got control of the ball, and our team converged on the Swiss goal.

I watched the Swiss goalie—I mean the American—and it seemed to me that he was pretty awkward. As a matter of fact, he got outmaneuvered right away, and Heinrich booted the ball in for the score.

1 to 0, our favor.

Well, I thought, *now's as good a time to quit as any—while we are ahead*. I staggered, slipped to the grass and began to moan. I thought I made

the whole deal look good.

The trouble was that nobody came to pick me up—even though I heard the time-out whistle. So finally I got up on one elbow and looked around. All the players and the officials were gathered around the goal at the other end of the field. I got up. I'd have to try the fall again when somebody was paying attention.

My team came trotting back up the field and Heinrich spoke to me. "Their American goalie developed a sprained ankle. He also maintains that he has the flu and possibly appendicitis."

I watched the ambassador's son being helped off the field. When he reached the sidelines, his limp switched from the right leg to the left.

I got mad. Sprained ankle, the flu and appendicitis. Did he have to hog everything?

When play resumed, the Swiss temporarily switched to the long passing game. By the time their left inside decided to kick, he was practically looking down my throat. Now the idea in soccer is for the goalie to stop the ball anyway he can—with his hands, or his feet, or his head or his solar plexus—which is what I did.

The ball boomed into my midsection, and as the lights flashed, it came to me that this was what I had been looking for. I could sink to the ground, pale and gasping, and get taken over to the sidelines where maybe the other American and I could talk about football or something like that.

I was surprised, however, to find myself still on my feet and in possession of the ball, even though it was just about touching my backbone. I dug it out and flipped it over to my left fullback. He booted it down field.

Then I sat down and gasped and got pale and all that, and none of it was acting. But by the time the Swiss had the ball again and were back in our territory, there I was, on my feet and waiting for more.

When the quarter ended, the score was still 1 to 0.

I breathed deep and took advantage of the break and got to thinking about this goalie business. It was sort of a combination of football and baseball and basketball, and you didn't have to go around training all your life to dribble the ball with your feet.

Maybe I'd stick around for the second quarter.

I did.

And I was there for the final whistle too.

We didn't win. The final score was 3 to 2, and we were the short end.

But from the way I was carried off the field by the team, you'd have thought we'd just won the International Cup. And I had the idea that I might have a steady job as goalie—or at least I'd alternate with Alfred Runkel, who was the regular.

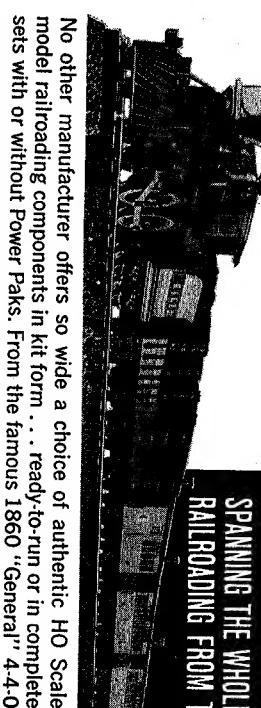
And that's the way it worked. When we finished—and won—our last game of the season, I think I was as good as Alfred and edging ahead.

At the end of the school year, I got ready to go back to the U.S., and the *Gymnasium* selected an exchange student to send back to my high school. I expected it might be Alfred Runkel. Or Hans. Or Josef.

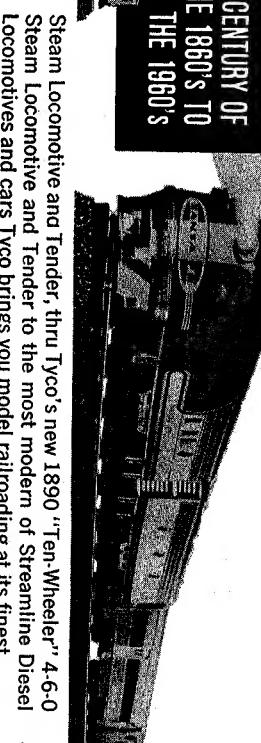
They picked Gretta.

Oh, well, I guess I could use some help with my English at that. THE END

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